

**BETWEEN DA PROTESTS**



**KRS-ONE**

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Opening Remarks"

Yes

I want to welcome you all to the 23rd album

Between Da Protests

We gon' have to rise on this ya'll

But just before we begin

Lemme spit on these cats

Fake rappers I respect none, DJs too

You know my way, we ain't you

5, 4, and three are taken and we ain't two

33 years later, we ain't through

Black lives been mattered yo cause we ain't blue

Selling out the culture is something we don't do

They call me the teacher that be so true

Cause I mastered the element of MCing like CO2

We so new, you know what we been through just to survive

All this debate about the top five, put it aside

Here's the real top five list

It's KRS, Blast Master, KRS-One, The Teacher, and Chris

Rappers going through some type of identity crisis

G-O-D is my image of life 'cause they don't like Chris

My mother is Ahset better known as Isis

I drop on the set like Horus, where the mic is

I'm the difference between what the real and the hype is

What the wrong and the right is

What the darkness and the light is

But rappers want to fantasize about battling me

They sleep and I'm over their whole head like a canopy

I'm chilling in Atlanta sipping Daiquiris

Don't come after me, I rapid fire rap-rap-rapidly

It's a catastrophe you not as fast as me

OG rappers coming after me, they're in back of me

You wanna come after me here's the truth

I'm invading your space like Al-Andalus, let's get loose

You can't hang, I got the noose

When I train on tracks I'm the engine you're the caboose

I'm sipping the Remy Ma while I salute Papoose

I don't battle young rappers that's child abuse

I'm tightening the noose, put my hands on you like a masseuse

And De La your soul like I'm Posndous

You'll be calling for a truce while I'm cooking your goose

Got the deuce-deuce for when you chickens come to roost

Man I'm mobile like boost while they're failing

So Imma put 'em down under like these dudes was Australian

Rappers couldn't see me in the 80's or the 90's

Thirty years later they wanna act like they're grimy

Now they wanna find me in the new millennium

But I'm a cannibal, I'll breakfast lunch and dinner them



# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Tight"

Let the drums rip  
Woo  
Yeah  
Turn my voice up a little bit  
I don't deal with silly shit  
I am not illiterate  
Gun clapper, street rapper this is what you're dealing with  
Boom bap, new rap only the real feeling it  
Truth I'm revealing it, beef I ain't dealing with  
Others put their bread to the beat and make a meal of it  
I'm the quiet type, banana clip I'm concealing it  
Kick up on you with the banana and start peeling it  
Hit the captain and America, no time for shielding it  
Their crew got nicked with the fury, I'm real with it  
Flow so sick I should be healing it  
But instead I'm on the German autobahn wheeling it  
You heard these millionaire, now hear a skillionaire  
Rich with the skill and the cut, people I drill them there  
Yeah savage, you can hand them out  
No silverware, true legend  
No jewels, black gorilla wear  
Yeah where them skills at, Imma drill that  
Too many rappers claiming OG and still wack  
They sleeping and you can see how they act  
Red pill, blue pill, I gave the red pill back  
So I hear what they mumble 'bout me me but it don't penetrate  
Young rappers want to be large and diss whoever's great  
Me, I'm a legend been busting weapons since '88  
Blast off the top of your dome, let it ventilate  
Skills I will demonstrate, lyrical rap heavyweight  
You ain't never heard of this feature, you bitches hella late  
You better wait, KRS is never fake  
That wack shit that sells out the culture I'll never make  
That boom bap raw speak op who generate  
I stay ahead, like you 8 o'clock, I'm ten to eight  
I got ends to make with the bass kicking  
These rap turkeys are fishing for beef but stay chicken  
My rhyme style finger licking, keep mixing no quitting  
No need for a vacation you tripping  
Tock ticking, Imma spit this right  
Like handcuffs you gotta say this shit is tight  
  
Let me get to it  
Yo  
Drum ready I'm about to begin  
You've been living without well try living within  
You heard these others speak but I am not them  
They talk paper but here's what I do with the pen

Sword in the air I don't fear anybody  
We was criminal minded when they was on the potty  
    Been spiritual minded the devil can't stop me  
    Been political minded, nope they can't lock me  
        This is an original, not a copy  
Me and the mic we got together like swordfish with aki  
    Mashing any jam, and club, any party  
    Same shoes, same views, black tee, hair knotty  
    You could be stoned and you still can't rock me  
    You could be wood and you still can't knock me  
    Properly fulfilled and they still want to mock me  
        Behold it's obvious, the universe got me  
        Skill, that's my credential  
When my words get sent to your mental they turn sentimental  
    No I will not be gentle  
    Most rappers are followers  
    The only thing they lead was a pencil  
        Money won't defend you  
    When I A-B-C-D-E-F-G-H-I-J-K-L-M end you  
        I'm that raw shit, hip hop call of war shit  
That DJ and MC shit tagging, breaking on the floor shit  
    Street lyric you heard it I never lost it  
    Like Yasiin Bey I'm bringing you more shit  
        Double metaphors it's hard to target  
    Effortless I flow like a shower no need to force it  
    You saw it real shit you the witness, the listener  
        I stand behind my bars like a prisoner  
        Yeah Imma spit this right  
And like them handcuffs you gotta say this shit is tight

    Ah shay  
    To the ancestors  
        Ah shay  
    Let them drums rip

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Don't Fall For It"

Don't you fall for it  
Don't you fall for it

Keep your head up, never let up  
Never let them get you fed up  
You just step up, get your rep up  
Get your cash up, get your check up  
The whole system's a setup, it's time we really get up  
We been about this revolution from the time we met up  
Take it back, I got my fist up, Malcolm X in '88  
But revolution only work for those that will participate

You are great, they are fake  
Yo, it's time to demonstrate  
Higher level mental states  
Conscious people, congregate!  
Show the love, not the hate  
This is basic, no debate

But these people are debating and they hating, they should wait  
It was bickering amongst ourselves that got us in this state  
Yeah, the truth is inconvenient, but the truth is never late

You can't see what they be doing?  
How they thinking? How they moving?  
You can't see what they pursuing?  
Making claims, none are proven

Don't fall for it, don't fall for it  
Don't fall for it, don't fall for it

We can see who is the enemy  
Sovereignty's the remedy  
You don't need telepathy  
It's white supremacy

Don't fall for it, don't fall for it  
Don't fall for it, don't fall for it

Bringing it raw, doing a tour  
Government officials breaking the law  
You never see what you never saw  
303, open the door  
Knowledge reigns, that is the game  
Ignorance, that is insane

Don't fall for it, the Reps and the Dems are the same  
This one's shooting us up, that one's locking us up  
This one got us stuck, that one's outta luck  
You could front if you need to, the cycle never ends  
No justice, but in four years they hyping us again

Don't fall for it, don't fall for it  
Don't fall for it, don't fall for it

If you thinking that you earning  
And you drinking and you burning  
And you really not concerning  
With the news and what they learning

Don't fall for it, don't fall for it  
Don't fall for it, don't fall for it

If you love it, never hate it  
You agree and don't debate it  
HBCU educated  
Your degree is highly rated

Don't fall for it, don't fall for it  
Don't you fall for it, don't fall for it

Yo, me, I'm not a fake dude, I'ma keep it real real  
They see through it all, that "America needs to heal" deal  
America ain't really sick, this is what it really is  
Gunshots and cages for black and brown little kids  
Now they acting like they not the cause of how we live  
Do not tell me what you gonna do, I can see what you did  
Look at her, look at him, look at them, look at me  
Do you see our interests represented in society?  
No you don't, and you won't 'cause democracy's a joke  
Every four years these same people asking us to vote  
Nothing changed but the Range Rover switching lanes over  
I remain the flamethrower, knowledge reigns, game over  
Don't fall for it, don't you fall for it  
Rodney King, George Floyd, man, we all saw it

So don't protest with defiance  
But don't move with self-reliance  
While the soul is being silenced  
For the religion of science

Don't fall for it, don't you fall for it  
Don't fall for it, don't you fall for it

If you thinking that you earning  
And you drinking and you burning  
And you really not concerning  
With the news and what they learning

Don't fall for it, don't you fall for it  
Don't fall for it, don't you fall for it

There's no justice in the courts  
We are always taking shorts

They can shoot us like a sport  
And it's our trust that they want?

Don't fall for it, don't you fall for it  
Don't fall for it, don't you fall for it

Take it up!  
Take it low now

Don't fall for it, don't you fall for it  
Don't fall for it, don't you fall for it

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Black Black Black"

Don't be afraid, don't be ashamed. We want black power. (Black power!) We want black power. (Black power!) We want black power. (Black power!) We want black power! (Black power!) That's right, that's what we want, Black power, and we don't have to be ashamed of it.

This is not the regular  
This is that boom-bap, bap, bap!  
Some, they call it secular  
I just call it Black, Black, Black!  
Marcus Garvey, Boukman Dutty  
Bring that army back, back, back!  
Malcolm X and Kwame Ture  
This is where I'm at, at, at!  
If you wanna talk to me  
Talk to me about Black, Black, Black!  
Haile Selassie The First  
Negus Nagast, let's talk about that, that, that!  
Kaboom, Nanny Maroon and all the Maroons  
Let's talk about that, that, that!  
The real Underground Railroad  
The first subway for Black, Black, Black!  
The freedom train begets what you bring  
Getting on track, track, track!  
Whether justice or injustice  
How do you react-act-act?  
Can you stand there laughing  
While they shoot us in the back, back, back?  
This is what some rappers sound like  
Every time they rap, rap, rap!  
I'm raising up the red and the green  
And the black, black, black!  
Even with no cops in the hood  
We still hear "click-click, clack-clack-clack"!  
I cannot forget my ancestors  
Just because I rap, rap, rap!  
Look at me from top to bottom  
KRS is Black, Black, Black!

Get up, get out!  
Speak up, speak out!  
Reach up, reach out!  
This is what Black about  
Get up, get out!  
Speak up, speak out!  
Reach up, reach out!  
This is what I rap about  
Get up, get out!  
Speak up, speak out!

Reach up, reach out!  
Too many selling out  
Get up, get out!  
Reach up, reach out!  
Lift up, lift out!  
Get out!

Time to ask the question now  
Are you really Black, Black, Black?  
It is not a mystery  
We under attack-tack-tack!  
If you chatting fuckery  
You hold our people back, back, back!  
Time to put aside the fantasy  
And deal with fact, fact, fact!  
This is not the time to be talking  
All that crap, crap, crap!  
Those who talk that crap, crap, crap  
Are those that don't fight back, back, back!  
You can say what you like but real skill  
I never lack, lack, lack!  
Black is more a consciousness  
The way you think and act, act, act!

Get up, get out!  
Speak up, speak out!  
Reach up, reach out!  
This is what Black about  
Get up, get out!  
Speak up, speak out!  
Reach up, reach out!  
This is what I rap about  
Get up, get out!  
Speak up, speak out!  
Reach up, reach out!  
Too many selling out  
Get up, get out!  
Reach up, reach out!  
Lift up, lift out!  
Get out, lights out!

We have stayed here, and we begged the president, we begged the federal government. That's all we've been doing, begging, begging. It's time we stand up and take over, let's take over. We have to do what every group in this country did; we gotta take over the communities where we outnumber people so we can have decent jobs, so we can have decent houses, so we can have decent roads, so we can have decent schools, so we can have decent justice.

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Boom Bye Bye"

Watch them (Watch them)  
They all tell lie  
Run up in their office with that boom bye bye  
Social injustice, they the reason why  
Hit these corporate thieves with that boom bye bye  
Now you want to come and act like you my guy  
I stay woke with that boom bye bye  
I'm taking aim with my one third eye  
Let my words fly, boom bye bye

Yo  
Blackness, it's not just February  
It's everyday from your birth to the cemetery  
Revolutionary, they could never ever get me  
They couldn't tempt me with the Maybach or the Bentley  
They couldn't shut me up my soul is never empty  
I've been spitting this game since By All Means Necessary  
They asking for more but giving so much less today  
This is what our ancestors got to say

Watch them (Watch them)  
They all tell lie  
Run up in their office with that boom bye bye  
Social injustice, they the reason why  
Hit these corporate thieves with that boom bye bye  
Now you want to come and act like you my guy  
I stay woke with that boom bye bye  
I'm taking aim with my one third eye  
Let my words fly, boom bye bye

Yo  
Look at the media, they all on some new shit  
Black lives matter now, they all want to use it  
It's all in the news and the music  
What we seeing is the corporate co-opting of another black movement  
Their whole economy, they're now about to lose it  
How can a black life matter when you already abused it  
Black life is the economy  
It's been that way since black ancestors were white property  
That's why they ain't liking me  
I'm not the soldier getting paid  
I'm a warrior fighting for free  
They type you don't see on TV  
The real revolution will not be televised for all to see  
You know me  
Let me get my voice on  
What they pushing as hip-hop  
Is soft porn

They asking for more but giving less today  
This is what the ancestors got to say

Watch them (Watch them)

They all tell lie

Run up in their office with that boom bye bye

Social injustice, they the reason why

Hit these corporate thieves with that boom bye bye

Now you want to come and act like you my guy

I stay woke with that boom bye bye

I'm taking aim with my one third eye

Let my words fly, boom bye bye

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Murder We Just Saw"

(feat. SUN-ONE)

Yeah we done heard it before  
What we looking at, it's the beginning of civil war  
Finally we just might be getting right to the core  
The proof in that the truth of that murder we just saw

Fuck this there is no justice  
And it's a shame because America is above this  
But it's really not because these cops they are racist  
The very foundation of America is racist  
Yeah we all know it but nothing ever changes  
They part of the system that puts us in cages  
Time to break out every race, all ages  
This is not anarchy, this is what change is  
You don't have the right to tell me what my pain is  
Or tell me how to protest or what my aim is  
You the fucking problem, that's where the blame is  
Cops killing black people, that's what insane is  
Weak politicians we know what your name is  
You can vote while I'm getting choked by a racist  
All the actualizations against us are baseless  
And falsifying the evidence and burying the cases

FTP

Yeah we done heard it before  
What we looking at, it's the beginning of civil war  
Finally we just might be getting right to the core  
The proof in that the truth of that murder we just saw  
Yeah we done heard it before  
What we looking at, it's the beginning of civil war  
Finally we just might be getting right to the core  
The proof in that the truth of that murder we just saw

Fuck that, criminal justice they run that  
They can have guns but ask me where my gun at  
They the criminals but it's me they want to come at  
Who's telling them to put their gun back, fuck that  
When it's gonna end?  
Being killed by a cop is the sixth leading cause of death for black men  
And then the courts don't convict them  
When the camera shows they the criminals and we are the victims

Yeah we done heard it before  
What we looking at, it's the beginning of civil war  
Finally we just might be getting right to the core  
The proof in that the truth of that murder we just saw  
Yeah we done heard it before  
What we looking at, it's the beginning of civil war

Finally we just might be getting right to the core  
The proof in that the truth of that murder we just saw

And they'll always be one more  
As long as white society holds the monopoly on all law  
Either or  
That's the only law we follow  
Cause colonial custom is what we trained to model  
Shots in the air, this is just another day for me  
Modern day slavery still requires the bravery  
Street photography making slavery plain to see  
We used to die aimlessly now the camera aims at me  
One shot saving me, the other shot slaying me  
But how is this condition any different from slavery  
White supremacy is still trying to enslave us  
When our voices ignored unless white folks save us  
I appreciate the protests for sure  
But when we gonna end the monopoly of white law  
We follow their laws while they follow none  
We're told to be peaceful while they're busting a gun

Yeah we done heard it before  
What we looking at, it's the beginning of civil war  
Finally we just might be getting right to the core  
The proof in that the truth of that murder we just saw

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Turn The Volume Up"

Class in session now  
Most can't take it but Imma spit it anyhow  
Young 'uns getting money, it's funny they think they're ready now  
Old folks gossip and bickering sounding petty now  
This is why the universe threw this verse it has sent me now  
Just to let you know if you spit that flow keep it steady now  
Do not be distracted by this one, that one, or other sounds  
You can talk that hate but it's better to spread that love around  
This is just that wisdom I give to those that's listening  
Yeah I keep it gangster but consciousness Imma mix it in  
This is KRS let me warn you I'm not the normal  
I'm that part of hip hop that edutains and informs you  
You can talk that murder, that mayhem but let me warn you  
I know the game, you reap what you speak that's how they caught you  
Take a minute and listen to the flow that supports you  
When I spit it, your spirit it rises like it ought to

So turn the volume up  
The devil's time is up  
Turn the volume up  
The devil's time is up  
Just turn the volume up  
The devil's time is up  
Just turn the volume up  
Up, up, up, up

I am the primitive, native, indigenous, savage  
Aboriginal, KRS-One is not the average  
Barbarian, heathen, and pagan  
Burnt faced negro, original man that's what you're facing  
Haitian, Baysian, Jamaican black Asian  
Knife in the chest of the colonist that's still slaving  
The Indian, the Simian, the maroon, the pygmy them  
The Ethiopian, the black Carthaginian  
Why focus on a continent when the Earth's my domain  
The ancient ones are my ancestors and I live with them  
Kushite, Kemite, mapping the stars in the night  
Divine minds guide us from the sciences of living right  
Europa before Jehovah and black Noah  
The agriculturalist, I am the reaper and the sower  
The higher and the lower, the all-seer and the knower  
I been here already I'm just doing it all over  
Reincarnated, the holder of a boulder  
The black Atlas holding the whole world on my shoulders  
Money folder, much older, street soldier  
KRS we will be here forever I told you

So turn the volume up

The devil's time is up  
Turn the volume up  
The devil's time is up  
Just turn the volume up  
The devil's time is up  
Just turn the volume up  
Up, up, up, up

Up on the last verse, blast first a Nazi  
You know how long these industry fools trying to stop me  
But they not me, they copies, they not free  
I'm the pharoah, bow and arrow [?] they can't top me  
The ancient one, I talk to [?] watch me  
Laying on the set, these rappers turning punani  
Cause they know they mocked me, now I'm in my armor  
Spear to the throat, now what my name, Chris Parker  
There's no computer screen, I am dope, you the fiend  
Your name is what a loser mean, you on the losing team  
I come back spitting raps, I am looking super clean  
My name is what knowledge means, your name what stupid mean  
Nightmare, right there, I don't fight fair  
Man it's quite clear, you want the truth keep it right here  
People always telling me these rappers are under me  
That's true, I'm coming up on album number 23  
Fuck with me, I don't sound like nobody, I'm no copy  
I am no Gotti, a Nazi, I don't wait in no lobby  
You know where to find me if you look look  
These rappers are shook shook  
Knowledge reigns supreme, my gats go buck buck

So turn the volume up  
The devil's time is up  
Turn the volume up  
The devil's time is up  
Just turn the volume up  
The devil's time is up  
Just turn the volume up  
Up, up, up, up

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Stay Real"

Yeah

You know an artist paints with his mind, not with his hands  
Wake up

It ain't easy being a lyrical legend  
I'm the average old-schooler  
I stay sharp with this lyrical weapon  
My main art's in the spiritual section  
But some dudes ain't hearing this lesson  
So I buck shot with the smith and wesson  
Clips go into the weapon  
If I bring the Mac 10 from the west coast  
I'm aiming it into your section  
Rip rhymes with a Tech-Nine and a 40 Glock  
When I'm teaching a lesson  
I'll even bring an M1 and leave an impression  
A mean one, a clean one, you never seen one  
Til I sweep up with a machine gun  
When the teacha come, you see them run  
First I be coming with the peta guns  
For my peace love and unity, I'ma have to see your funds  
Why you be so dumb  
You need to run, look around  
My delivery is hot, like when the pizza come, don't fuck around

(You talk to em)

If you continue to ignore the word  
You gonna go through the same deal  
Rearrange your mind and hide, you speak out your word  
You putting seeds in your brain field  
Corporations treating you like sheep and like [?]  
But KRS-One, he stays real  
Listen to the teacher as he speaks out the word  
You gonna rise if he stays real

(Watch this. Stay real)

It ain't easy being a lyrical icon  
When I turn my mic on  
Rappers start shaking like fiends when their pipe's gone  
I'm squeezing the mic like a python, you got it quite wrong  
The guru, step into the arena with the teacha and your life's gone  
These rappers are immoral, they write wrong  
KRS-One is immortal, is career is quite long  
This won't take long, I'm spitting on mics cause I'm made for this  
Be clear, I speak that lyrical hip-hop lyrical craziness  
The bar-tender, the airbender, I spit you see the waviness

I don't criticize or knock nobody's style, but I'ma stay with this  
The traditional and lyrical is everyday for Kris  
I'll strip these beats down to their nakedness  
Ain't nothing fake with this

(Stay real)

If you continue to ignore the word  
You gonna go through the same deal  
Rearrange your mind and hide, you speak out your word  
You putting seeds in your brain field  
Corporations treating you like sheep and like [?]  
But KRS-One, he stays real  
Listen to the teacha as he speaks out the word  
You gonna rise if he stays real

They know that I'm spitting the truth everywhere  
Or proof that I'm raising the roof everywhere  
Off the top like I don't have any hair  
Observe, you might just learn something here  
My word is a clear, oh you forgot, 22, 45 uzi or Glock  
I don't give a fuck if you choose me or not  
First time fiends are new to this drop  
Fail to receive when I [?] to the spot  
Salutes all day when I cruise in the block  
True, Fuck if you feel me or not  
Don't claim to be a legend if you really a not  
I'm real with the rock, skills are tight, real hip-hop, keep it real tonight  
Got the will to fight, whether day or night  
Gonna stay alright, cause I stay in the light  
I'm the [?] and the hype man  
I'm cooking and shaking and baking the mic  
When I walk in, rappers jetting like they taking a flight  
KRS-One, blazing the mic  
Aight!

# KRS-One Lyrics

"Medu-neter"

(feat. SUN-ONE)

Real spitters out there hold tight (Yeah)  
Heaven sent me evidently  
Positive lyrics ever ready  
Spirit charged, never empty  
Devils charms can never tempt me  
The level they on could never dent me  
The enterprise could never rent me  
Keep the drive without the Bentley  
I-N-N-O-C-E-N-T  
Truth is hard but I speak it gently  
Squeeze my shit 'til the clip is empty  
Demons and angels, they all protect me  
Goblins, goons they all respect me  
Walk in the room with the instrumentals  
Superior MC skills essential  
Spit with a hit quick I was meant to  
Trump your card and intellect you  
I got drive, I will wreck you  
Band on the fact, rappers I will check you  
Disrespect you, disconnect you  
Bring the tech to you and who you next to  
Say what you want yo I don't care  
My crew charge in like da-da-da-da  
Now you laying on the floor over there  
As you can see all the raw right here  
You would have seen it if I toured last year  
But that's ok I bring it all in here  
Strictly queens, no whores in here  
And got King Negus all in here  
Ain't no beggars, we all got gear  
Lions, chewing up the goats and the deers  
You don't want truth, close your ears  
God, the devils supposed to fear

Speak Medu-neter no less yes  
Medu-neter no less yes  
Medu-neter no less yes  
Just speak medu-neter no less  
Speak medu-neter, speak medu-neter

This that raw from the culture corp  
You want that raw shit, we got some more  
Come inside, lock the door  
Some of y'all never heard hip-hop before  
So here we go yo, the truth is short  
Rappers be frauds like Manafort  
You can see they amateurs

He ain't David, what you holding their banner for

David Banner, that's my boy

I can't wait for the day that we rap on tour

Back to the raw, my skills are better

Rap so sick I hope you're feeling better

Resurrector

They spit rap, I spit medu-neter

Medu-neter

Lyrical ruler holding a scepter

You diss love, love's gonna get you

Temple of hip-hop that's the school

I don't wanna learn, that's a fool

Ignorance, that ain't cool

I'm flowing, get in the pool

We teach the golden rule, while they hold a tool

The platinum rule while they act a fool

God is the headliner

So ignorance KRS-One is coming after you

Straight blasting you not asking you

Then pray over the body like a pastor do

To hell they dragging you

You front so hard you can't even look in back of you

Your history is gone but this is what I came to do

Bring it back to you

You know we devour cowards

When these rappers talk we are not empowered

All they do is shout it

They ain't master the P, they ain't 'bout it 'bout it

I mastered the power and I'm proud about it

This cypher is getting crowded

Uh huh

Uh huh

Yeah

Speak Medu-neter no less yes

Medu-neter no less yes

Medu-neter no less yes

Just speak medu-neter no less

Speak medu-neter, speak medu-neter

Ok

Look

Street runner, feet pumper

Everything hip-hop we cover

Some of the rappers in a deep slumber

KRS-One will hover

Over nearly everyone, you never seen a better one

I'm crazy with the letters son, you dealing with a veteran

I'm fly like a pelican, I reign 'til I'm wet again

I'm always a gentleman, show up with the venom and

[?] what you hearing now is the melanin

You can see now by stars who the better man

Temple of hip-hop, culture develop and

Peace, love and unity we selling them  
Some of these dudes [?]  
So in the interim we hit 'em with the minimal  
Alpha omega, beginning and ending them  
Raw shit, we gonna keep hitting them

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Organize"

Yes we have to organize, organize, organize  
Do away with all the lies, all the lies, all the lies  
They coming with the mac and the Glock and the 45  
In between the protests we profess and realize  
Yes we have to organize, organize, organize  
Do away with all the lies, all the lies, all the lies  
They coming with the tear gas and Glocks and the 45  
In between the protests we profess and realize

Realize that we have already been here before  
Protests in the streets 'cause we seeing we all at war  
Burning police cars and we shooting, looting these stores  
You may not agree but you see they changing these laws  
The only thing they understand now is our city burning  
They acting like they shocked with these cops, they just learning  
Seeing Mr. Floyd on the ground it got 'em squirming  
Now we can see they are the Nazis, we the German blacks

Yes we have to organize, organize, organize  
Do away with all the lies, all the lies, all the lies  
They coming with the mac and the Glock and the 45  
In between the protests we profess and realize  
Yes we have to organize, organize, organize  
Do away with all the lies, all the lies, all the lies  
They coming with the tear gas and Glocks and the 45  
In between the protests we profess and realize

Yeah we always wake up but then we go back to sleep again  
In between the protests is when we be getting weak again  
We hear about the looting, another shooting this week again  
This give the police another excuse to hit the streets again  
White police, black population could never be your friend  
Our mothers and our fathers, they be seizing them  
They the overseers, we the S-L-A-V-Es to them  
We gotta rise to the level where we ain't needing them  
Everybody

Yes we have to organize, organize, organize  
Do away with all the lies, all the lies, all the lies  
They coming with the mac and the Glock and the 45  
In between the protests we profess and realize  
Yes we have to organize, organize, organize  
Do away with all the lies, all the lies, all the lies  
They coming with the tear gas and Glocks and the 45  
In between the protests we profess and realize

Yes you have to follow me, follow me, follow me  
It's my philosophy that white law monopoly makes democracy hypocrisy

In a capitalist economy there's no democracy  
I demand a return to my sovereignty, no apology  
Independence, autonomy, no need to mommy me  
I could run my own country if you could just stop bombing me  
Give me my land back, give me my gold back  
My heritage, my birthright, you outright stole that

Yes we have to organize, organize, organize  
Do away with all the lies, all the lies, all the lies  
They coming with the mac and the Glock and the 45  
In between the protests we profess and realize  
Yes we have to organize, organize, organize  
Do away with all the lies, all the lies, all the lies  
They coming with the tear gas and Glocks and the 45  
In between the protests we profess and realize

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "We Are The Gods"

New books, new facts, new hooks, new tracks  
New tools, new gats, you fools should move back  
Original boom bap, mystery school rap  
Within the Pythagorean harmonics crowds, I move that  
Whos that? The one who rocks this mic and a thousand others  
For further evidence, you can check this very album cover  
I'm about to smother the ignorance out you motherfuckers  
You sleepin on this Teacha, let me get you out them covers  
No time for sleeping, no choking, stay awoken  
African still beat when the stick's broken  
I'm flowing, mind open, chakras glowing  
I realize the all seeing being is all knowing  
[?] clean, no interruption [?]  
From heaven we came from, so to heaven we going  
We the first agriculturalists, we reap what we sowing  
Know who you are, not just what the TV's showing

I came to find you, we are the gods!  
I came to remind you, we are the gods!  
Don't let them blind you, we are the gods!  
The truth is inside you, we are the gods!

Grow up, feed the needy, avoid the greedy  
No one but us look like Akhenaten/Nefertiti  
Not the painted bust of Nefertiti, but the Nefertiti  
On the temple wall seen by all in Ancient graffiti  
Heed me, 33 years ago, god freed me  
Then she said she needed me to spit the truth for her weekly  
Freely, easy open mics now don't teach me  
My face gets sweaty, palms get all greasy  
I start flashing shit, all you see is feces  
Written shit, spitting shit, KRS a different species  
This boy beast, he's slow and he's low  
That is the tempo, when you know you know  
Rappers come and go always claim they run the show til they feel that  
Thunder blow, straight from the mother flow, gutter flow  
Faced with bullshit, I spit the other flow, but bullshits a  
Fertilizer, maybe they'll help these brothers grow, I don't know

I came to find you, we are the gods!  
I came to remind you, we are the gods!  
Don't let them blind you, we are the gods!  
The truth is inside you, we are the gods!

Queen mother, wake up. King father, wake up  
You sleeping on this teaching, it's you I got to shake up  
Wake em up, we the return of the Christ  
Christ is not a man, it's a symbol of a community brought back to life

They got you looking for a red or white or blue savior  
But here comes the black savior, Krishna gat blazer  
Tongue sharp like that razor, original rap flavor  
I speak in general terms cause I'm that major  
Still got to paint you privately, don't lie to me  
God is the Motorola mobilizing inside of me  
My sheep know my voices, they choice and they flock to me  
When knowledge reigns supreme, ignorance you not gon' see  
Unite with me, and I'll unite with you  
Don't fight with me, and I won't fight with you  
Establish law, that's what we gotta do  
The future's dependent on us, maybe this is not for you

I came to find you, we are the gods!  
I came to remind you, we are the gods!  
Don't let them blind you, we are the gods!  
The truth is inside you, we are the gods!

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Who You Are"

(feat. SUN-ONE)

Imma switch up on y'all real quick  
Racists in these places only see me as cattle  
But I'm more like D'Jango on the horse with the saddle  
Put a racists head in the gravel with the burner  
Harriet Tubman, John Brown and the one Nat Turner  
I'm a learner, I keep my head in a book  
So when a racist start talking I could never be shook  
I can never be took because I'm knocking their block off  
Like crack dealers used to say let's get this rock off

You're always blaming me  
I'm not the enemy, you are

People ask why are you looting the stores  
Why you burning down the business and city that's yours  
First of all the city ain't mine it's yours  
Democracy's a joke when capitalists write the laws  
You critique my flaws and don't speak of yours  
You only show the effects and never speak of the cause  
I got no money, no help and no voice  
With no way out I only got one choice  
Brick through the glass, rock through the window  
Tear gas moving anyway that the wind blow  
Rubber bullets overhead, now we got to get low  
But this was how slaves were treated from the get go  
Robbery, invasion and rape  
These are not criminal acts, these are the acts of the state  
If you just waking up to this fact you a little late  
For justice how long you think we gotta wait  
Yeah, c'mon  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, c'mon

You're always blaming me  
I'm not the enemy you are  
You're claiming unity  
This time it's time you see who you are

Liberate you mind, living ain't a crime  
Innovate the time, renovate the rhyme  
Every line and rhyme you're using  
Generates confusion and bring your people a revolution  
Winning not losing  
Helping not using  
Oppression, aggression and hate we refusing  
If you really want change rewrite the constitution  
But that's the one solution that they are not doing  
So we sharpen the blade, clean out the barrel

Pick up the rock and the bow and the arrow  
Pull out the gas mask and the protest apparel  
For justice Imma go into battle

You're always blaming me  
I'm not the enemy you are  
You're claiming unity  
This time it's time you see who you are  
Who you are  
Who you are  
You're always blaming me  
I'm not the enemy you are  
You're claiming unity  
This time it's time you see who you are  
Who you are  
Who you are